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ANDMA TALES



AND
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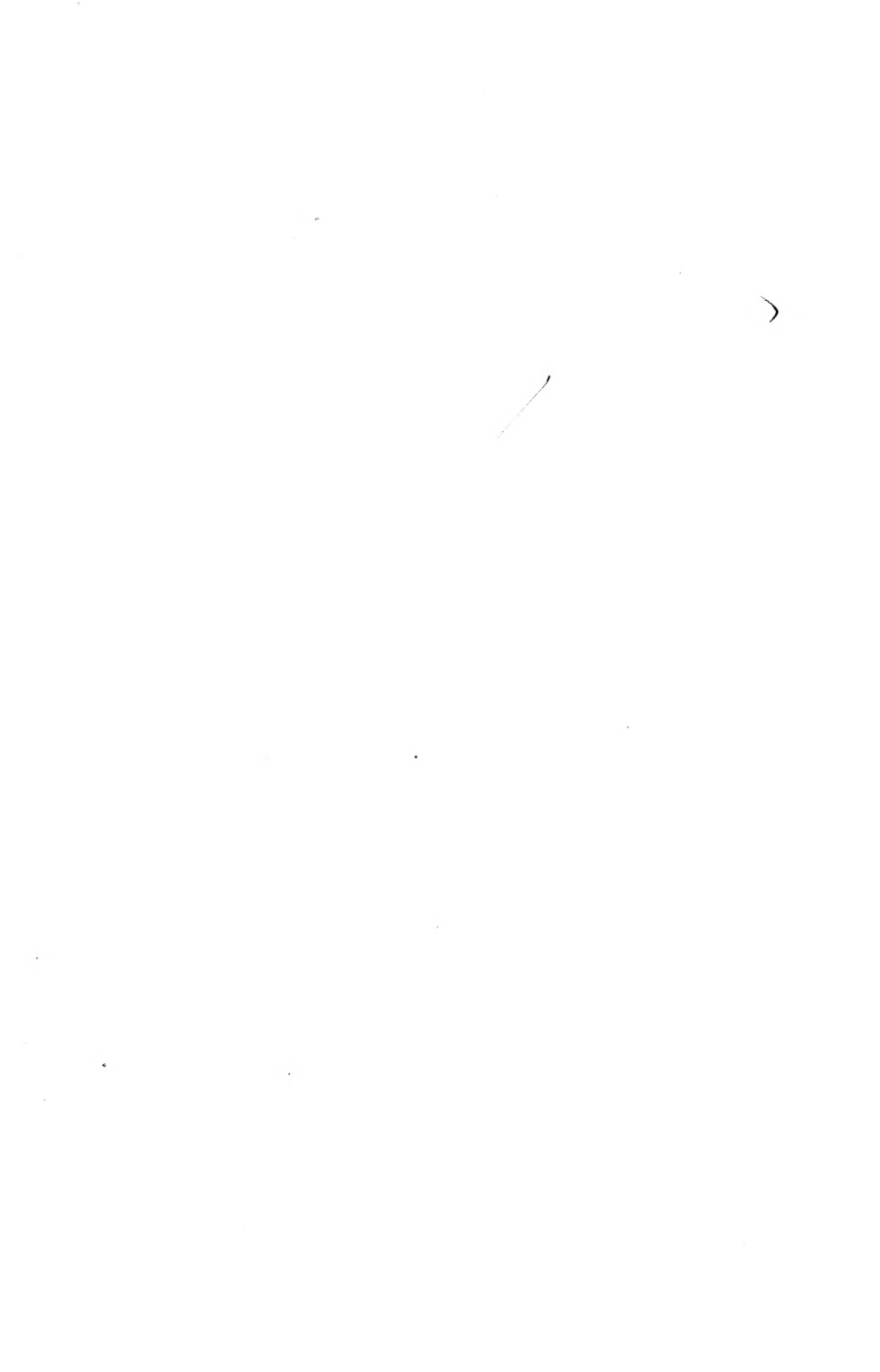
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GRANDMA TALES
AND OTHERS.

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AND OTHERS

ADELIA POPE-BRANHAM

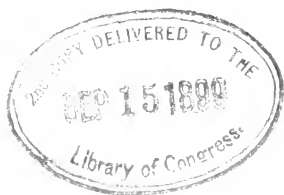
Illustrations

by

WILL VAWTER

Greenfield, Indiana.

1899



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Apr. 19. '99.

TO
THE GRANDBABIES EVERYWHERE.

Herald Pub. Co. Press.

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I'VE come down here at Gran'ma's house, to stay all
summer long:

To breathe th' *fresh*est country air, an' hear th' robin's
song.

My Gran'pa says 'at I can work, an' he'p him plant
th' crop—

I'll ride up on th' grea' big drill, an' watch th' seed-corn
drop.

We git up *awful* early, an' eat breakfas' 'fore it's light,
Have nice brown ham, an' honey, an' hot biscuit ist so
white!

WHEN GRAN'MA WAS A LITTLE GURL.

I don't wear *ruffled* aporns now—but one made out o'
blue

'At don't iron hard er muss up quick—Gran'ma thinks,
do you?

She thinks we better plat my hair in one long shiny
braid—

Like th' story childrun wears 'em, in stories Gran'ma
made

Down at Gran'ma's house.

Gran'ma says 'at long time ago, when she's a little gurl,
Her ma ist breshed her hair *as smooth*, and never made
no curl

Ner pinned it up in rags at night, afore she went to bed;
Like scarry horns abobbin' roun' on little gurlses head.
She al'ays *rose* at four o'clock; her ma she never called
“Now *hurry* down to breakfas',” fer my Gran'ma never
bawled

'Cause she was so *awful* sleepy, an' wanted a nuthernap;
W'y, ef she *had*, her ma ist go *right straight* an' tell
'er pap!

She hurried up right out 'o' bed an' made it all up quick,
An' swep' an' dusted off 'er room, and shined things up
as slick!

'At's what Gran'ma says.

WHEN GRAN'MA WAS A LITTLE GURL.

Nen she 'ud clear th' table off, an' wash th' dishes up,
(She never broke a single thing—ner even *chinked* a
cup.)

An' nen she'd take an' shell some corn, an' git a tin
o' wheat

To feed th' ole dom'ner hens, 'at 'ud al'ays try to cheat
By hidin' their eggs up in th' lof', 'mongst th' clover
hay—

An' Gran'ma 'ud have to hunt an' hunt, to find 'em
ev'ry day!

When mos' th' work was all done up, her ma she'd let
'er knit

'Ith four long shiny needles 'at she never lost a bit.
She had to mind th' baby, too, ('at's my great Uncle
Lym,)

An' he'p her mother a-keepin' house—sew, an' weave
an' spin.

'At's what Gran'ma done.

She had a wheel, too—not like mine; her's wasn't meant
to ride.

Its pedals was called "hackles," an' they wouldn't turn,
beside.

WHEN GRAN'MA WAS A LITTLE GURL.

It had "windin' blades" an' "files," but it had no rubber tire,

She 'lows it weaved the *finest* cloth, ist fit fer any Squire.
Nen Gran'ma sighs in pity fer these "*degenerate*" days,
When folks don't have nice manners, ner th' childrun
purty ways;

'Cause they al'ays make *such* racket—an' don't know
how to work.

If they talks too much "in comp'ny," my Gran'ma
says it's "pert."

W'y, *good gurls* mustn't "interrupt"—ist hardly speak
a word;

But set *as still*, where they is "seen, but never, never
heard."

'At's what Gran'ma thinks.

I'm *awful* glad I wasn't borned when Gran'ma's little
maid;

'Cause I'd a had to be *so good*, an' work some, too, I'm
'fraid.

An' have a wheel of Forty-two—instead o' Ninety-nine;
'At style bicycle is hard to run—ain't a bit like mine.

But I ist *love* th' *stories* all 'bout days o' "pioneer,"

'At Gran'pa an' Gran'ma talks about, when night's a
drawin' near.

WHEN GRAN'MA WAS A LITTLE GURL.

'Ith me an' Gran'pa settin' in his grea' big ole arm chair,
An' Gran'ma rockin' gently by th' window, over there
Where th' honeysuckle vine, 'ith its dress all fringed in
red—

Is a-watchin' Mrs. Moon put her baby stars to bed.
Guess th' Sand Man mus' be comin', to stop th' birdies
cheep—

And carry Beth to Slumberland—for now she's fast
asleep

There on Gran'pa's knee.



GRANDMA'S LITTLE HELPER.

TANGLED mass of fair curls streaming,
Brown eyes full of mischief gleaming,
Face with loving aid now beaming—
 Grandma's little helper.

Busy fingers swiftly flying,
As the needle bright is plying,
Through the seam so long and trying—
 Grandma's little helper.

Willing feet on errands going,
Heart with happiness o'erflowing,
Deeds of loving service sowing—
 Grandma's little helper.

Tender Shepherd safely guiding,
All the lambs from danger hiding,
In His watchful care abiding—
 Grandma's little helper.

TO NELL.

ONE very frosty morning—
Nine years ago today—
A tiny dimpled baby
Came down with us to stay.
She brought both joy and sunshine,
(Entwined with many a yell,)
But she failed to bring her card,
So we
Called
Her
Nell.

Old Time, so swiftly fleeting,
Soon took this babe away;
And left a busy school girl,
Whose birthday comes today.
May life be filled with blessings—
From good deeds done, we pray—
For our happy little maid,
Who counts
Nine
Years
Today.

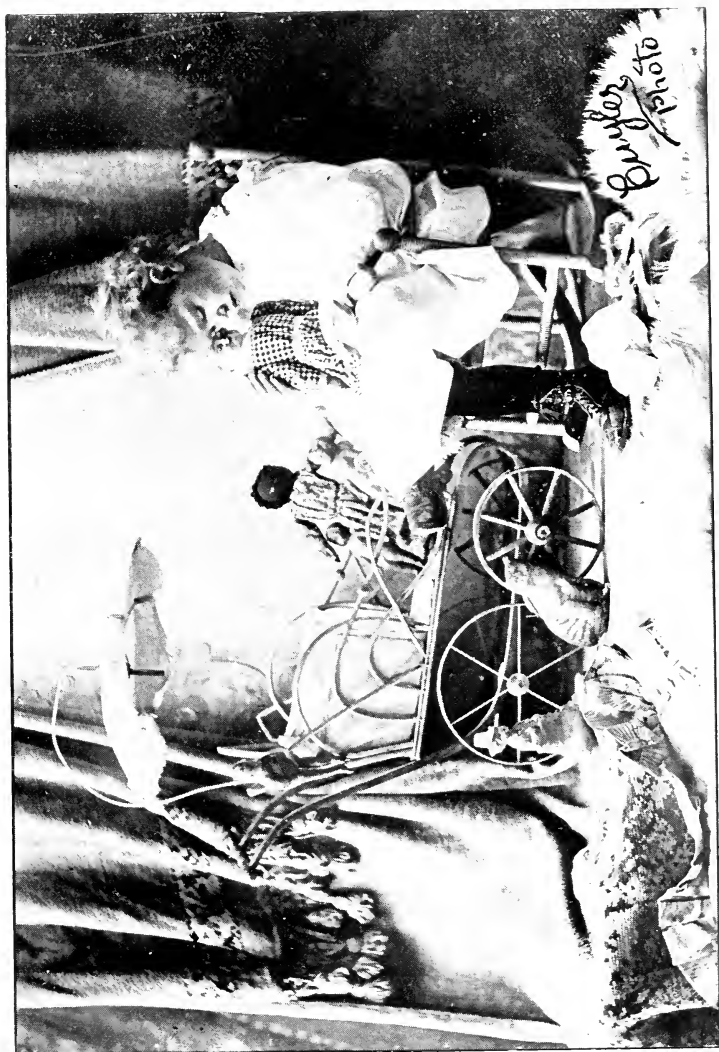
January 6th, 1898.

HALF PAST THREE.

DEAR little maid of half-past three,
What worlds of beauty lie hid from view?
Tell me, why do you keep
Such wise secrets, sweet,
Behind clear eyes of azure hue?
While we long to fathom the mystery,
And read a page of child history.

Wise little maid of half-past three,
What knowledge fills your mind so pure?
Is it deep baby lore
Gleaned from heaven's store?
Brought from above our hearts to allure
To purer thoughts: more true to be
To that higher life, as shown by thee?

Wee, sweet mother of half-past three,
Rocks and sings in the tiny arm chair;
Low, soft lullabies
To the doll that "cries"—
Tending your "children" with patient care.
May guardian angels watch over thee—
Dear little maid of half-past three.



WAR IN NURSERYVILLE.

ONE morning, on the nursery floor,
Transpired a dreadful scene!
When animals began to pour
From cages, red and green.
The elephant of calico,
And chocolate mice of brown,
Were racing madly to and fro;
(It quite upset this town.)

A roly-poly woolen dog—
That wobbled off to hide—
Stepped on a plaster-paris frog,
Who then began to chide.
The green glass turtle, with a lurch,
Retired into its shell;
A stuffed poll-parrot from her perch,
Sent forth a mighty yell!

WAR IN NURSERYVILLE.

A canton flannel polar bear,
 Glared at the camel tall.
(They formed the most ungainly pair
 That added to this squall.)
The mettlesome white hobby-horse,
 Ran off in reckless haste,
Nor stopped to feel the least remorse,
 But onward quickly paced.

Each one then tried with all his might,
 To quell this awful strife;
They wished to end the naughty fight,
 With which the air was rife.
The candy rooster (Shanghai breed)
 Flew on the monkey's back,
And crowed advice they would not heed,
 ('Twas feared his throat would crack.)

“Dear me!” meowed Mistress Tabby Cat,
 (In gingham neatly dressed,)
“I think I'll go and have a nap;
 My *nerves* are quite depressed.”

WAR IN NURSERYVILLE.

Just then a merry brownie-band,
Had chanced to pass that way;
“Ho! Ho!” they cried, “we’ll lend a hand
To stop this shocking fray.”

Lead soldiers then were called to arms!
(In magisterial pride.)
Full conscious of their war-like charms,
They marched, with haughty stride,
To rat-tat-tat of rubber drums—
With flashing tinsel sword
To aid their deadly wooden guns—
Sweet peace they soon restored.

CRADLE SONG.

SOFT and low the Vesper bell,
 Sounds its dreamy tinkle;
Where the goo-goo fairies dwell,
 Neath the star's clear twinkle.
Toward the land of hush-a-by,
 Babies now are flocking;
Where the slumber-elves' low sigh
 Sets the cradle rocking.

Fluffy bird-kins all asleep—
 In their nests so cosy;
While the cricket's drowsy cheep,
 Echoes dull and prosy.
Fireflies light their evening lamps;
 Katydids are chiding—
Down among their mossy camps,
 Daisy-buds are hiding.

Goldie locks and curls of brown—
 Lads and lassies, all go
Tripping off to Bedford Town—
 On the river by-low.
From the cloud-ships, sailing high—
 Floats a dreamy measure;
Sleepy goo-goo's lullaby,
 Mother's dearest treasure.

MY DOG MOSE.

ONE time when I's a little boy—eight years old er less—
I'm goin' on ten now, an' my Gran'pa says he guess
I'll soon be growed big enuff to work out on his farm—
Plow an' horry, an' pitch th' hay, an' chore roun' th'
barn.

Nen he'll quit an' rest a spell—set in th' shade all day—
An' make *us men* keep busy; an' boss roun' that-a-way.

W'y, nen my Gran'pa gived me th' brownest curly pup—
(At time I staid at his house before our school took up.)
He was ist th' *smartest* dog, as smart, now you kin bet,
As these 'ere high-toned Span-u-els, er a pesky Set-
Ter pup, 'at stalks roun' 'ith his nose stuck in the air,
Actin' like he owns th' erth, an' folks a-livin' there.

MY DOG MOSE.

Now, *my* dog's mighty modest—ain't mean enuff to fight;
When grea' big dogs 'nd wrangle, he'd up an' run, *that*
tight!

Nen boys 'nd say he's coward, an' knowed he couldn't
whup,

So runs 'way an' hides hise'f, behin' the chicken coop.

But he could run th' chickens; 'at is, ef they run *furst*—
Scare 'em offen Gran'ma's porch—an' bark ist fit to
burst!

Gran'ma 'lows he's no 'count, cause he's al'ays in her
way;

W'y, *once he et up all th' cream*, when Comp'ny's there,
one day!

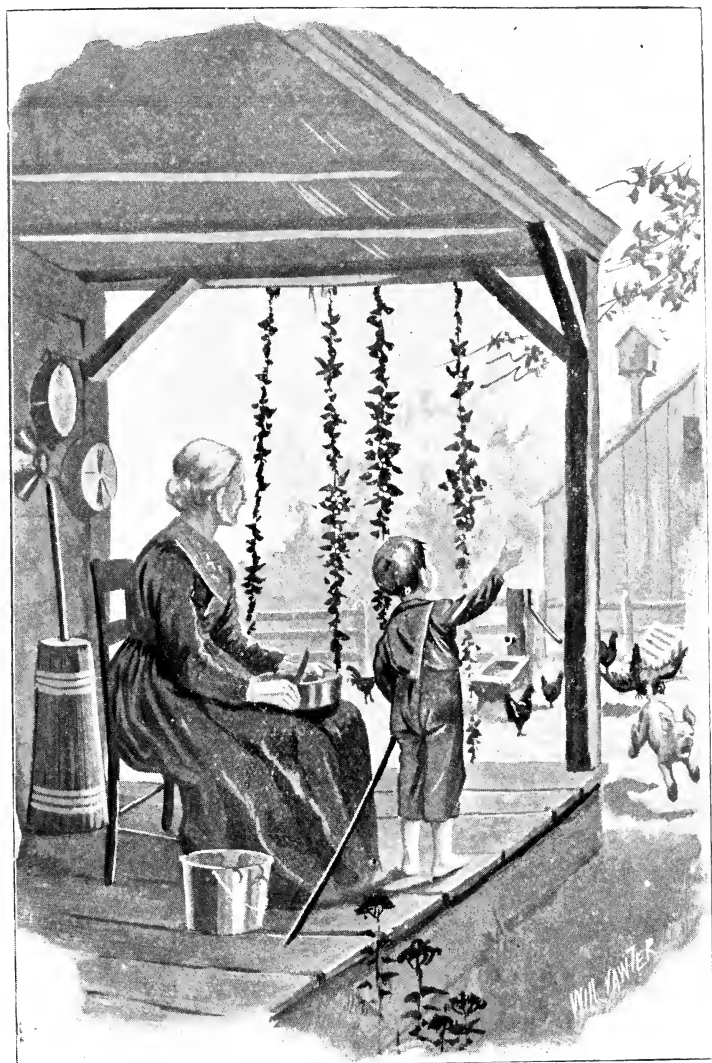
An' *that* pervoked my Gran'ma, so she ist maked me
histe

Mose out to our own quarters, an' called him bench
legged fiste.

An' nen she says, "Law, honey, I didn't mean no harm,
But you an' Mose run off an' play—out there by th'
barn."

One time Gran'ma an' me an' Beth, an' Gran'pa, went
to church.

Furst, Gran'pa says, "Now, my dog, we'll leave *you* in
the lurch."



MY DOG MOSE.

He maked Mose *stay* there, too! ist as quiet as can be;
An' he drove off to meetin', 'ith Gran'ma an' Beth an' me.
But when th' choir was singin' 'bout "Moses an' th'
 lam',"

We heard a jolly little bark—an' up the aisle he ran.

Th' tickledest dog was Moses, fer he thought they's
 callin' him—

He barked right through th' singin'—it maked a *awful*
 din!

People all appeared *that* shocked—but smiled behin'
 their books—

Beth, she giggled right out loud, in spite of Gran'ma's
 looks!

Now, don't you think he's mighty cute, to go to church
 that way?

W'y, a *smarter* dog than Moses, you can't find any
 day.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

HE was born, this precious Christ-Child,
In a manger, cradled low;
While the morning stars were shining,
And the world was white with snow.

For He came with Christmas blessings,
Joy, good will, sweet peace to know;—
All came with this bonny baby,
Who was born so long ago.

Among the hills of old Judea.
Shepherds, watching by their flock,
Saw the star, and heard the singing
Hovering o'er that lowly cot.

THE CHRIST CHILD.

Joyful hosts of baby angels,
Came to greet their tiny King;
And they made the air of heaven,
With their glad hosannas ring.

And the Wise men brought Him presents,—
Laid them at the dimpled feet,
Which so soon must tread earth's pathway;—
With all human sorrows meet.

He must do the work He came for,
Live a perfect life below;
Teaching man the way to heaven,
And with good seed all earth sow.

As our children count the presents,—
Loving hands have made for them,
Do they think of that first Christmas,
And the Gift from Bethlehem?



NOT LONG AGO.

ONCE there was a little girl—
Not long ago;
And she had a sunny curl.
Hung just so.
But sometimes this little maid
Would in mischief deeply wade;
Was quite naughty, I'm afraid—
Not long ago.

NOT LONG AGO.

Now this little girl, we're told,
Not long ago—
At her duties oft would scold;
Was that so?
She just *could'nt* pick up toys,
And there was such fun in noise!
Lessons never were her joys—
Not long ago.

Have *you* met this little girl,
Where you go?
Does she keep things in a whirl,
Do you know?
I'm quite sure she is not *you*,
Who are gentle, kind and true—
Always know just what to do.
Not long ago.

MY TREASURE.

A WEE dimpled hand clasped closely in mine,
Together, my baby and I
Have journeyed one year, through life's sunny clime,
In the land of sweet lullaby.
No day more perfect—no task half so sweet,
As guiding the footsteps of toddling feet.

One short year of light—then the sun went down:
Ah, me: life seems weary and long,
When viewed from across a small grassy mound,
In place of the once cradle song.
But God has covered with blanket of green,
The dear little form—a mother's lost dream.

Two sweet waxen hands are folded so white,
O'er lilies, with one broken stem.
The blue eyes have opened on heaven's clear light—
Resplendent in rare diadem.
Tiny feet wearied, by earthly hand led,
Have strayed where angels in shining paths tread.

The dear little hands have slipped from my hold,
And reached for the Shepherd above;
Who lifted my lamb to the safe Upper-Fold,
Encircled by infinite love.
A grieving mother, toward the Hills of God,
Will follow the pathway her baby trod.

OUR RECEPTION.

WE'RE a-havin' a swell "reception,"
 (Ist Beth an' Baby an' me,)
Out here in my Gran'pa's ole orchard,
 Under th' big apple tree
'At's a-reachin' to meet its nabor,
 An' a frien'ly han'-shake give:
'Ith sunshine a-leakin' thro' th' leaves
 Like worter drips thro' a seive.

I invited Ole Shep an' Moses—
 Beth fetched th' kittens along;
An' Baby has lugged out ole Tabby—
 Purrin' her good-natered song.

OUR RECEPTION.

Th' dolls is lollin' roun' in th' grass,
'Ith tin soljers standin' guard—
'Cause ole Mr. Chipmuck s livin' clost.
In that holler—to'ard th' yard.

My! My! how them blackbird's is jawin'!
Like a lot o' lun-a-ticks—
At th' han's a-breakin' up fer corn
In that fiel' acrost th' ditch.
An' th' air is ist full o' snowflakes
From th' apple-blossom trees—
Where th' red-headed woodpecker's buildin'
As sassy's ever you please.

Beth, she's all trigged out fer a lady,
In Gran'ma's apern an' cap.
I got on a long tailed Prince Albert
An' my Gran'pa's stove-pipe hat.
But we can't do nothin' 'ith Baby—
She *won't* wear no Comp'ny dress;
So we'll let her be "gest o' honor,"
An' do as she please, I guess.

OUR RECEPTION.

Oh, dear! now *she's et up th' 'freshments,*
An' pored th' milk to th' cat:
She's tryin' to swaller th' dishes—
'Fore she curls down fer a nap.
Did you *ever* see sich bad manners.
In Gran'ma's an' Gran'pa's pet?
But she's ist th' cunning-est baby
'At's ever bin roun' here, yet!



SUNNY EYES.

THERE'S many a song of the blue eyes sung—
 There's many a tale that is told,
Of deep azure eyes, that vie with the skies,
 And curly-locks burnished with gold.
But here's to the children, who stand among
The ranks of brown eyes, whose fame is unsung.

The sweet hazel eyes, and orbs of soft gray—
 With face of patrician mold;
Make poem complete, paint fair picture sweet,
 That oft in famed story is told.
But here's to the eyes of no special hue,
If they shine with purpose, steadfast and true.

And here's to the sunny eyes everywhere,
 Be they of gray tint, black or brown;
And the placid blue, the clear hazel, too—
 Tangled locks, an aureole crown
For the happy brow of innocent truth,
Fair sunrise of life—sweet morning of youth.

THE ORCHARD CARNIVAL.

The date was sweet midsummer day—

When fairies weave their spell;

In a tangled, old-time orchard,

This carnival was held.

There merry children long ago,

Would congregate to play;

And lessons learn from Nature's book,

Each long, bright summer day.

'Twas agreed to hold this meeting,

Beside the winding branch;

As it glided by, serenely,

Toward ocean wide, perchance.

The trees had each one promised

To send a delegate;

And the guests, thus highly honored,

Accept with much elate.

THE ORCHARD CARNIVAL.

A family named Tetoskey—
Accompanied by Red June,
Were first arrivals on the scene.
Tho' they were none too soon.
The Early Harvest, just behind.
Had stopped for Maiden Blush:
Who lives quite near the Baldwin—folks
Of ruddy cheeks aflush.

A Spy from way up North, they say,
Came hastening down to greet
The amber beauty, Bell Flower—
In loveliness complete.
So filled with haughty pride is she—
Somewhat inclined to gloat,
O'er her modest little neighbor
In a shabby Rusty Coat.

Quite different from the Wine Sap,
Who ne'er was known to crow;
And for her special friend, she chose
The sunny faced Rambo.
These two were always favorites—
In good old days gone by:
Now other fruit, more up-to-date,
For honors with them vie.

THE ORCHARD CARNIVAL.

Staid and homely Mistress Pippin—

Who comes a little late—

Needs wait for sturdy Vandevere,

As escort to the fete,

While ungainly in appearance—

Because of mammoth size,

In winter time he's at his best—

'Tis then he makes good pies.

The program of the hour began

When all the guests had come.

That insipid fop, Ben Davis,

Had kept them waiting some.

But the speckled little Greenings,

Tried, in their cheerful way,

To smooth the ruffled feelings,

And have a happy day.

'Twas opened with an overture

By orchestra complete;

Composed of birds, and bees, and brook—

From Sylvan Glade Retreat.

The Meadow Lark was chorister,

And sang his very best;

While Robin labored zealously

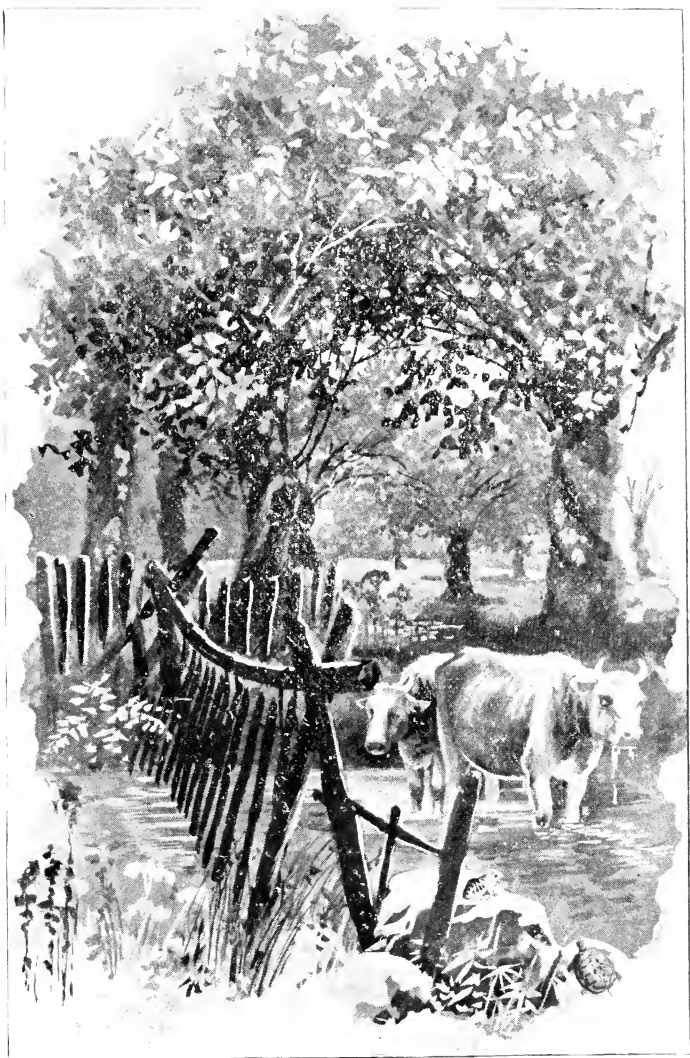
In service for the rest.

THE ORCHARD CARNIVAL.

The Humming Bird in plumage rich,
Her dainty presence brings,
Near where the tuneeful Oriole
In airy hammock, swings
One branch above the Woodpecker—
Who wears a bonnet red;
And with his housewife, makes a home
Deep in the tree, 'tis said.

A lusty frog perched on his throne—
The flood-gate 'cross the stream—
Croaks a hoarse, defiant discord,
An argument supreme.
His folks were not invited—
A slight, you'll surely say—
So he and his neighbor Turtle,
Resolved to stay away.

Toward the bars the lowing Jerseys,
Are slowly drawing near;
Whose bells chime on the evening air
With tinkle soft and clear.
While Katydids are arguing—
With Cricket's sleepy song—
All harbingers of early night,
The Fairies' spell is gone!



THE ORCHARD CARNIVAL.

But, ah, how soon the brightest day
Will pass to eventide;
And fast the lengthening shadows stretch
Where sunbeams try to hide.
The guests must part at twilight hour,
To meet, perhaps, no more;
And now 'tis but a legend told—
Midsummer day is o'er.

SUNRISE ON THE ATLANTIC.

THE sun beams down in bright approval,
From his cloudland throne in the sky,—
Where worlds of tempestuous waters
In clear, shimmering beauty lie.
The sea gulls awake from their slumber
On the rocks, where the light house stands;—
By the sweet early blast of sunshine,
Sounding far its roseate strands;
That kiss into filigreed beauty,
The white sails of a fishing fleet;
As it idly floats near, all ready
The tide's early turning to meet.

Rare jewels of Orient richness,
Set in white caps, brilliantly gleam;
While the surf, with much noisy protest,
Throws its billowy walls, between.

SUNRISE ON THE ATLANTIC.

Far distant lies fair Sea Isle City,
Dimly bathed with sweet misty light;
In weird, phantom beauty, illumined
Like the ships that pass by at night.
The many bright lights of her signals,—
To the vessels far out at sea,
Will soon be transfigured with sunbeams,—
God's signal—o'er all the wide lea.

The shadow of rugged reefs, climbing
Athwart the sand dunes, shining white,
Can be traced in far away outline,
Reflecting the dawn's vivid light.
The deep creviced mountains of breakers,
Prove ocean's strength mighty and grand;
While low, sweet songs of the sea are heard:—
Composed by Omnipotent hand.
He layeth the depth in His storehouse,
Rough tempests will still at His call;
The waters He gathers together—
The glory of God over all.



CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

THE children now are waiting for dear old Santa Claus:
Who, with his flying reindeer, will surely make a pause,
And down the chimney dropping, he'll land beside the
grate,—

To find the empty stockings, and fill them from his
freight.

The "Sand Man" (most intrusive) first, takes a little
peep.

While enroute to Nodway Town, and lo! they're fast
asleep.

CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

These happy preparations recall the days of yore,
When other merry children were deep in Christmas lore.
The quaint, old-fashioned fireplace, with yawning depth
 aglow,
Threw out a cheerful glimmer across the wintry snow;
And circled 'round the ruddy blaze, the dear familiar
 forms,
Complete the homely picture, which mem'ry's wall
 adorns.

.

Over-hanging rafters, decked with airy cobweb strands,—
Hung 'twixt rows of drying herbs, gathered by thrifty
 hands,—
Caught sparkles from the firelight—made pictures on
 the wall,
That danced in weird measure to the kettle's cheery
 call.
When winds were whistling fiercely, sweet comfort
 twilight brings:
Then hearken to the music—the tune the chimney sings.

We hung our Christmas stockings beside the ingle-nook,
Where dear old Kris would see them without a second
 look.

CHRISTMAS RETROSPECT.

While wond'ring how the fat old saint would clamber
o'er the crane,
We listened for his reindeer bells, jingling down the lane.
Many "creepy tales" were told, in joyful fear we quake,
As sitting straight and watchful, we tried to keep
awake.

Hark! joybells pealing softly.—Turn down sweet
memory's page:
The child is gone,—alas, we are nearing middle age.
Our Father's hand has led us through all these weary
years.
And in His love abiding, there are no doubts, no fears.
For the coming of the Christ-Child—gift of God complete,—
Brings peace for every treasure we lay at His dear feet.

JUL 1 1899

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